CHAPTER III.

PRETTY WOMAN AND A POOL Fate learnest that just at this time Caroline and sylol should each get a lover. An eland good family and fortune; Doow name, lived in the neighborhood; they having but one child a son, who a large estate, decided to give em a profession that he might escape the hangers of an unemployed youth. He was

orten Doolittle was a tall young man, with light hair and a lisping speech. He attractions, if he had any, were neither died nor of mind for as to the body be the life gait, with long legs of inadethat kness, and he was destitute of eye-The utmost assiduity also failed to a mustache, although he used cadurds of appalling strength, rightly that for a man with a military career doe him a certain amount of hair on the the is as emittal as uniform or a sword. He mile I was of a similar pattern—weak, reman and mane; in a word, he had drawn the line between sanity and imbecility with a at furthing nicety. He walked with his ben's little on one side, dressed in the top of the fashed, were as many different suits as bydrs in the day, lost money mildly of lane, and came to church regularly every rning, saying his prayers out of a of a sixpence. He had a creditable is seen to read only such publications as to improve his mind, and he alwas amounted if a work was erroneous or and saying that he was afraid lest be might te and into the perusal of something erroneous, and might never find it out. He admired nomen and adored cleverness, frankly confeeding that he had none of his own, and they had "such a useful thing, you know." listent he might have set for the immortal Mr Tools, with whom he had so much in comment that I fear readers may think Egerton paditie only a study of that great prince of hades But Egerton is a man by himself. in spite of a resemblance which fairly suggod- that he is no more than a reflection. He met Car Temple at a ball and danced with her, and the young lady, true to herself, named, in one of the pauses of the dance, if had read Allison's "History of Europe," belittle, whose weakness was not historical

Is that work you spoke of just now a very "Very lag," she answered. More than one volume?" he asked, rewided not to let the talk flag.

duly was able, with tolerable readiness, to

sourcher that he had not. He then sank

mhy silence, that this part of the conversation

might settle into his mind. Presently he in-

The colume!" replied Caroline. "A dozen. "A dozen" exclaimed Doolittle. He was so overwhelmed by this statement that he and not alter a muscle of his face nor emit a attable for full five minutes. Then he

You haven't read it, have you?" 10th dear, yes," Caroline replied, with the confidence of a practised student. The whole dozen volumes?" inquired Deschittle, who could scarcely believe his

-The whole dozen volumes," Caroline ansxerel, repeating his words with a not ungraveful playfulness. Then you must be a tremendously clever

girl he said, gazing at her with profound a huraton and awe. Therer, because I have read twelve volunes read Caroline, who had a sprightly

wit. I shall read twelve hundred, and see what you say then." -No. Egerton said, gravely; "you will not read twelve hundred volumes, I am sure." Egerton meditated for another few minutes. Then be asked:

de it an erroneous work?" Thoroughly," Car replied, with decision.

"I'm't you think it dangerous to read erroneous works." "Not very." Car answered. "Not very." She tossed her head with a mixture of laughter and light scorn.

If I were to read twelve volumes of an ernments work I should be quite upset," E-ston said, as if he were talking of lobster solar! "I pset for weeks. But you are tremendealer strong and you know it-in mind, I



Caroline was not displeased with Doolittle . frank admiration of her powers, nor did she despise it, though its silliness she plainly saw. Something told her he would one day lea lever, and she did not turn from the present with aversion. Doolittle was rich, but | To not mean to say that his riches alone hand him tolerable in her eyes. She is not the first slever girl who has likell a man-as hydrand-because he was weak-minded, Car Temple, fond of clever men, preferred in the matrimonial relation a fool; but her actual or possible reasons for this preference this be discovered by more penetrating disso per of human nature than myself.

frontile astonished his parents mightily be and energy, that he had fallen in love. Attendament with the old people quickly ran en into fear; for in a brain so weak as his what might not love accomplish! They trembled lest they should shop girl had conquered him, for he affected little flictations of that sort. When, therefore, the toning simpleton gave the name of Car Temple, his parents could not altogether concon their feelings of reli f. It is t ue the ? a quaintance with the Temples was the slight " in the world; but still sh was a lady, and they be regited her as daughter-in-law prospecthe with at any hesitation. Equ pped with the permission. Do dittle flew off own street, not intending to call on his beloved, or, indeal, to do anything in particular, when, &s the fates would have it, he tumbled into he love making in this fashion. Who should be swamming gracefully up the drowsy Street, but Car herself, tall, elegant and altoto her to witching | Docittle's heart flow into though the slackened speed, lest he should the meeting, and while he loitered, Car luvned fido a haberdasher's shop. He row dr w their cantionsly, and soon spied her htt mever a wholly responsible being, was had cast his trunk, and was going round the ev seconds must have had something me-Planteal in it. He stole into the shop, and Car was surprised to hear a chair softly drawn neross the floor toward ber, and before the could bok up it was placed at her side; and then she saw Doolittle sinking into it, his eyes txed on her face all the time as if he had been that metiz d. Car felt the absurdity of the situation, but with a readiness which her mother would have praised, she resolved not at So sh gave Doolittle a lively little nod,

"Capital gloves, I should say," he replied. "Do let me pay for them!" "Pay for my gloves!" cried Car, breaking now into a hearty laugh at his absurdity. "O, do let me pay for them," he went on pleadingly. "The girl in this shop is such a nice girl-such a tremendously nice girl. I often buy gloves for her; she is so nice. Do let me pay for your gloves."

"We never pay here," Car replied, happy in her excuse. "Everything goes down in mamma's bill." "I am sorry for that," the lover answered, "I should have liked to pay for your gloves. O, how are you! Are you very well?" he asked, addressing the shop girl, who had re-

turned by this time. She blushed at his salutation till she was like one of the beauties on her own glove

Whether keen-witted Car did not quite abprove of this sort of encounter under her very eyes, or whether she was already suited, I cannot tell; but she remarked that she had got all she wanted and left the shop, not forbidding her admirer to follow her. Follow her he did, though in departing he manœuvered to get right behind her back, that be might freely bow his adieus to the nymph at the counter; which done, he stepped into the street with a face of great satisfaction, and walked at Miss Temple's side. For many steps he said nothing; at last he looked up. "Miss Temple, I want to marry a tremen-

dously clever girl. I am not clever myself; I am very well, but not tremendously clever. Now, I want to marry a girl that can advise me and tell me what to talk about, and make up things for me to say-smart things, you want a girl that will read works for me, and tell me if a work is erroneous: for I don't like to read erroneous works, Miss Temple. Now. do marry me, Miss Temple; for you are exactly that sort of girl, and you will take care of me-I mean I will take care of you. At least. I want you to marry me, if you don't very much object; I do, indeed, Miss Temple."

It is a critical moment in a woman's 'ifwhen she is asked if she will marry's man whom she does not altogether dislike, and no doubt Car felt something of the gravity of her position. But she felt its absurdity, too, and nothing could restrain her laughter. Doolittle seemed much discomfited. "Don't laugh," he said, dolefully. "People

always are laughing at me; and it is tremendously trying, you know." 41 was not laughing at you." Car replied, relieved now that the outburst was over. "I was only thinking how vexed mamma will be with you for speaking to me in this sudden

air of trepidation; for they were close to the gate of the Beeches. "Perhaps I had better run home. Just advise me, for I feel treme: dously nervous." "No; mamma won't be very angry," Car

answered, reassuringly. "She is walking in the trden. Come in and see her.". Docuttle became confident again at thes words, trusting in Car's superior knowledge; and into the garden they came, where was a great parasol moving to and fro, and under

ifs canopy there promenaded the stately little figure of Mrs. Barbara Temple. "There is mamma," Car cried, whether in jest or earnest he could not tell, and darting

away she left him with her mother. Now Mrs. Barbara Temple, watching the couple from beneath her parasol, had discerned in the twinkling of an eye how matters stool, and knowing the young man and perceiving his confusion, which returned when Car vanished, the little queen of women came forward with an air that would have

reassured a greater dunce than Doolittle. "You have been at ending on my daughter," she said, with her pleasantest smile. "Most kind of you."

"Oh, you think it really was kind, do you?" cried Doolittle, set on his feet at once. "I am glad of that. I meant it kindly. I wanted to pay for her gloves, but she would not let me, as you have a bill at the shop." "Mrs. Temple"—he cleared his throat desperately, and she knew what was to come.

"Your daughter-the one I wanted to buy the gloves for-is a tremendously clever

"People are generally pleased with her," remarked the mother. "Tremendously pleased, I should think.

Do you know, Mrs. Temple, I should like to marry your daughter, if you did not mind. I should be particular about your not mind-Wise Mrs. Temple accepted and treated his

proposal as if it had been couched in the most formal style. "Such a desire is always complimentary," she remarked. "May I ask if your parents

know of this attachment?" "Oh, certainly, yes; this morning," he re-"Do they approve of it?"

"Oh. quite. In fact, my father said he was surprised at my showing so much sense; that he would never have expected it of me. Oh, yes, they are quite pleased, I assure you, Mrs. Temple." "In that case," the managing woman said, blandly, "I shall leave the matter in my

Doolittle-indeed, that is not saying enough-And in this way clever, bookish, lively Car Temple was matrimonially engaged to one who might fairly be described as the silliest young man in all England.

daughter's hands. I have no objection, Mr.

CHAPTER IV.

ANOTHER ENGAGEMENT. The next to follow-and the succession was rapid-was the beauty Sibyl. Sibyl's engagement was quite as singular as Car's, and in neither c se did these really beautiful and spirited young ladies marry equals. Fortune and rank were even enough, but in all besides there was the most unexpected and unreasonable disparity.



SIBYL TEMPLE.

There lived a quarter of a mile down the road from the Beeches a wealthy bachelor named Goldmore-a man of fifty years or thereabout, tall, pompous, and imposing to look at a man of great solemnity, who never laughed except in a responsible sort of way; and who kept his coat well buttoned round his ample frame, typifying, it might be, the ality from view. He was the so t of man who, in a picture book, would look the very e o a respectable Great Briton. There w s an air of steady solvency about him-a ba ance at-my-banker's air-which was very telling. The most timid shopkesper would have given Goldmore credit for a thousand pounds before even hearing his name. His mien would have carried him. With his niesty, the bigness of his frame, his vast bon; features, and the sober color of his ature, he looked rather like an elephant who

world on a tour of solemn survey in a coat and trousers. Archibald Goldmore, Esq., had a nephew -his heir-who used to come and see him often, and who, being on the lookout for a wife, was struck with the beauty of Sibyl Temple. This Harry Goldmore was a lively young fellow, but no great favorite with his uncle. He was heir, because there was none other forthcoming, but nephew and unclenever quite hit it off. The young man was world, and holding up a pair of gloves, the very much either they are sure to be—who,

without being exactly settish, have yet an nordinate idea of their own claims upon life and their fellow-creatures, with a proportionate disregard of other people's feelings. Young Goldmore would always help himself to the best, even before his uncle's eyes, and would never say, "Uncle, won't you try this?" or "Let me recommend so and so"-trifling attentions, but by such little acts young men nometimes make their fortunes. The nephew, too, well knowing that his uncle employed an unsurpassable cook and prided himself upon his table, would yet in the most flippant style

"Outrageous sauce this!" he exclaimed on vening as he tasted his boiled mutton; enough to put one off one's feed." "At your age," remarked his uncle solemnly, "I got very little sauce at all."

find fault with dishes, and declare that in his

club in London the cooking was fifty times

"Gave enough, I daresay!" retorted the witty young man, with a great roaring laugh, aiter which he finished his mutton and asked for another help, administering the

condemned sauce plentifully. From these few hints every reader of ob ervation can fill up a sketch of this young fellow's character, and it need only be said that he was tolerably good looking, by ne means victous, and with very passable manners, becoming almost agreeable on the rare occasions when, standing in a we of somebody, he had the sense to curb his frolicsome dispo-

He saw Sibyl Temple. Used as he was to believe the finest horses bred for him, the finest vintages grown for him, the richest dishes cooked for him, he hearing and seeing that Sibyl was the handsomest girl in Kettle well, easily concluded that she had been reared for him. So he began making eyes at her, and having perceived that she noticed his attentions-which she could not fail to do-he treated the conquest as made, and told is uncle on Sunday at lunch that he loved Miss Sibyl Temple, and that he had little doubt that she reciprocated the passion.

Beneath some of our big, middle-aged waistcoats there lie strange secrets. This ponderous Archibald Goldmore, elevated, compous, and remote from sentiment as he appeared, had a buried sorrow of his own. lears ago his only brother, Harry Goldmore's father, died. The two brothers had ever been fondly attached. Life's early struggle they had faced side by side, and an affection never to be destroyed had, during those early years, laced the r hearts together. The brother died. In dying he put his thin white hand out from under the bed clothes. and, catching Archibald's wrist, begged him not to forget his little son, soon to be an orphan. Archibald promised, and that promse; never broken, and re-enforced year after year by memories of the dead man, made the uncle merciful to the rudeness and the folly of this rash and uncongenial youth. When the young man spoke of marriage, in some inexplicable way a reminiscence of long ago

"Harry," he said, with unusual kindness, you are young to marry, and have little of your own, but I approve of the idea on the whole. I shall make your way plain." "Oh, hat of course," replied the easy youth. " settle that in my mind long ago,"

stole into the uncle's heart, and made him sad

and he la ghed loudly. "Suppose we m ke a call on the Temples to morrow," the uncle said. "No, not to-morrow, thank'ee," the passionate lover said, shaking his head. "To-morrow ride over to Blancourt to see Jefferson. Never hurry after the women. They think quite enough of themselves without our help;" which delicate speech he enlivened with a fresh laugh, loud, hearty and vacant. The matter dropped, but at dinner that day, after the cloth had been removed, Archi-bald Goldmore, gravely renewing the sub-

"In a curious way your choice of Miss Temple—we say nothing about her view of the matter-"

"O, that's all right enough," young Harry "That we shall see," his uncle remarked; for the present, never mind. I was going to may your choice in a curious way approves itself to me; for do you know, Harry, I once had thoughts of proposing to the young lady

"Of what?" screamed the nephew. "Of proposing to the young lady myself," he uncle repeated.

"Of what?" exclaimed the nephew, again in scream of undoubted surprise. He could neither believe his ears nor disbelieve them. "Of proposing to the young lady myself," Archibald Goldmore answered once more with steady solemnity.

His nephew would hear no more. He burst into a roar of laughter, threw himself back in his chair, laughed loud and long, changed the key of his laugh, went high, went low, slapped the table, and in a general way signified that the most comical idea ever neard of since ideas first began had just been et loose upon the world.

"It is perfectly true," the uncle said, used to his nephew's mad moods, and not as yet

"At your age!" screamed the nephew, marry a lovely girl ike that! Do you think she would have looked at you?" and so in a variety of phrases he put the absurdity, saluting each fancy with a fresh outburst of ridicule, while the uncle sat fuming over insults which were truly exasperating. But he was a man of great self-restraint, and he said nothing.

All that plant the nephew persisted in his ridicule. "Uncle, what kind of a coat would you be married in?" "Where would you have gone for your honeymoon?", "How many bridesmaids would you have had?" *Would it not have been suitable to have sage spinsters of fifty?" and so on in an insane, but offensive, succession. The rude young fellow thought only of his sallies and his amusement; perhaps a little tincture of annoyance lay at the bottom, and made his jests taunts indeed. In any case, he jested to his heart's content; and the uncle, boiling with anger, disclosed nothing of his fury. The nephew thought of a final witticism. After they had gone to bed he marched to his uncle's door and tapped, and the uncle, hearing his voice, which for wittier effect he pitched low and serious, fancied he was going to apologize. The great man opened his door. "Uncle," said the nephew, in a grave tone, which carried on the illusion.

"Well, Henry?" "Something has just struck me." "Well, Henry?" "I could not go to bed without asking you

"What is it?" "Make me godfather to number one." He dropped his voice lower than ever. And screaming again with rapture, he retreated down the corridor, and left his uncle to go to bed with what appetite for sleep he might. The next day he rode over to Blancourt, and at night returned to dinner. He was tired, and spoke little beyond a grumble at the fish. But when dessert began, feeling his energies recruited, he thought it time to show something more of his playful ways.

"Thought again about your marriage, Uncle?" "You could not do a wiser thing than to propose to a young beauty," said this young man of fatal rudeness. "The younger and the more beautiful, the wiser you will be." Here came the facetious scream. It was always the same-short, shrill, spasmodic,

urational. "So Nthink, Henry." "Only don't propose to Miss Sibyl Temple; she's mine, you know."

"Have you asked her?" "No; but I shall to-morrow. "Henry, I asked her to-day." "What, for me?" "No, for myself." "You did?"

"I did." "Now don't begin with any tricks, uncle, the young man said, rising from his chair with alarm in his face; "I hate practical "This is no joke," the uncle answered with

calmness. "I asked Miss Sibyl Temple to-

day to marry me, and she said 'Yes.' She is my affianced wife, and with her mother's full Poor Harry Goldmore's face fell as visibly during this announcement as if it had been a house tumbling down story by story. At the

end—the speech was slowly delivered by his uncle-he called out in exactly the note in which an angry boy says, "I won't play any

"Well, it's the shabbiest thing I ever heard "Henry, listen to me," the uncle said severely. "You are a thoughtless young man, and you know well your affections were not engaged. I dou't, indeed, if you have any affections to engage. You have been rude and even brutal in your language to me; I forgive you; you have had a lesson. I would have provided for your marriage with Mins Temple, and still I will provide for it with any young lady I approve of. I am going to my library now, and you had better think this matter over, and ask yourself whether you would not be wise if you learned good manners. I am not harsh with you, and as long as you are not immoral I never will be harsh, for your father's sake, But I shall marry Miss Sibyl

Temple, and you shall not." He rose and left the room, majestic, like the Tower of Babel walking off with itself and the young man, petrified, followed him with his eyes as he departed, and then sank speechless into a chair. And thus, reader, was the second, the beau-

tiful, Miss Temple engaged to be married. CHAPTER V. AN INTERCEPTION.

The course of true love, if it never runs smooth, very often runs slowly. No one can say that Car or Sibyl Temple married for love; we need not assert that they sold themselves; marriages such as theirs are made every day, with the sanction of the church and the praise of the world; but they are not ideal marriages, not romantic-not the stuff out of which love can be made. Sweet Scphia Temple, the beauty and heroine of this tale, was not proposed to so abruptly. nor married so hastily.

Young Brent was shy. To increase his shyness he was passionately in love, and love made a thousand things delights to him which a well-informed modern man might do for his lady once, but not twice, certainly. For instance, young Brent would stroll about the town half a morning waiting for a chance meeting; and if, after he had executed a perfect walking match in slow time, he met Sophia, and she gave him a smile, or exchanged a few words, he would return home all aglow, and could hardly sit down to his geology, so hot his flame would burn. Week after week this went on. Silly young fellow. when he might have been bathing in the full tide of courtship, to be thus timidly treading the margin of the golden sea! Yet perhaps not so silly after all; since most people agree that love's preludes are so delicious that they may well be lengthened; and some say that the water is pellucid near the shore and turbid when we venture further out.

This I will say in defense of him. Sophia.

more than most women, was fitted for this slow, worshiping kind of courtship. It often struck me that she was already what one might imagine a good, warm-hearted and alted state of existence. She had the gold of | ing, but not in his fashion. our nature, with very little of its dross. From her, more than from any woman I ever knew, or man either, did I learn how comely, human nature may be when harmoniously developed; how various qualities of mind and soul, which we are apt to think conflicting, such as humor and devotion, passion and purity, may, when combined in proper proportions, be each the complement of the other. Sophia changed from mood to mood with an ease, an absence of constraint, which was the sign of a nature reconciled to life in the best sense. I am going to mention a trivial occurrence. but to me it was significant. I saw her one morning greatly interested in an account of a wedding robe, its color, trimmings, and the usual sequels-just as seriously interested as the most dressy of her sex could have been. A little while after, when a piece of poetry was read aloud by somebody in the company-one of Tom Hood's, I think, just published, a little fragment written in that note of mingled humor and sadness which was so much his own-I saw Sophia's face with a ripple of fun on it passing, with the poem, into seriousness. It seemed as if the soul of the poet, in its double mood of laughter and tears, were expressing itself in her lovely features. It is a small matter to mention-laughable, perhaps-but it impressed me, and it was indeed a disclosure of her character. She had a frank, spontaneous sympathy with life all round and in every part, such as I never met in any one beside herself. By reason of this virtue she was always interested in what was going on, and the very quality which subdued her individuality in one way made her character fresh and delightful in another. Sophia charmed, by her constellation of charms, the grouping of virtues and graces of body and mind, which seemed to make her sympathetic with the

most opposite persons, and at home in the most various scenes. Was there a key to all this! or was she a Phoenix in muslin, a paragon, admirable and inexplicable? It is my conviction that her mother's constant lectures on the subject of women making themselves fascinating-lectures which fell on ears that interpreted every word into new and higher language than the original-gave that bent to her disposition which made her what she was. The ittle morning room disquisitions, with ball rooms and lawns and dinner tables for texts, concerning dresses and marriages and carriages and fortunes and smiles and postures and witty answers and complaisancy-these all Sophia carried up to a higher level of idea and aspiration. She resolved to charm others with happiness and goodness in view, not mere society conquests. Mrs. Barbara Temple's prelections were delivered in the spirit of Lord Chesterfield, low and selfish, under a thin disguise of good humor. Sophia, by the instinct of a lofty nature, resolved to use the means her mother recommended, but with a different end in view. And here was the pleasing originality of her life; she used worldly methods for most unworldly ends. The polish, the graces, the social attractions, the accomplishments, literature and wit, which saints either despise or at best only tolerate, she used as the very material out of which her noble purpose must be woven. And so she remained rather worldly than otherwise on the face of her life, and serious people declared she needed conversion. But in the secret interior of her intentions she was truly d voted, rying, by the spell of a beautiful wo nanhood, to make those with whom she liv d better and happier. Certain wise men explain the miracle of Pent cost as having lain in the ear; that heard, not in the tongues that stoke, the listeners clothing the speech with a sense of their own. So worldly, goodhumored Mr. Barbara Temple said her shrewd say; but the words, as they pattered from her lips, caught from the daughter's finer ear a music and a meaning which the speaker never understood. with stolen glances and few shy words, the

With slow delight, with many a blush, courtship of Percival and Sophia progressed, and each had commended the other in their inmost souls long before any love was expressed. Brent senior had quite recovered his spirits in the presence of Mrs. Barbara Temple, and his easy-moved laughter was heard in dining room and drawing room as of old. Accordingly, to and fro, from house to house the families went; and the young people had plenty of occasions of making love, though it was as yet love unspoken. There are, then, two schools of loversthose who plunge, and those who inch; and

those who plunge are wise, but those who inch are wiser. Percival, either by foresight or simply through circumstance, was an "incher." Pasant work he found it. But is a grave history like mine to detail every nod, glance, bush smile, sigh, and so onl or are grave idents like my readers to be so trifled with? Let me, with wise reserve, be content, for this chapter at least, with one

closing scene. End of January. Weather, much rain and windy; time, 3:15 p. m.; scene, dining room at Mrs. Barbara Temple's; persons present, Percival and Sophia. Mark, reader, they have been here since the rest rose from lunch, talking about anything or nothing, but growing warmer-at least Percival was growing warmer every moment. He believes the

hour has come. So stand the two at the window, watching the drops that course down the panes, and idly racing drop against drop. Sophia wins three drops running.

"Ah," Percival remarks with a sigh, "it is no use. I can never stand against you." Sophia thinks she understands this, and sighs, too, faintly, blushes about the thousandth part of a tint, droops her head about the millionth part of an inch. He sees all. "What a stormy day!" he mys next.

"Very stormy." "And yet it does not seem dull, not in. here, does it!" Artful young man! be lowered his voice toward the end of the sentence, as if the very walls must not hear, but she

here," she responds. There is a regular lovers' way of saying the same thing to and fro; the simpletons mean to intimate their entire oneness in all things, spoken or Sophia looked very lovely just at that mo-ment, with the fear that is joy hovering over her, casting lights on her eyes, flushes on her

cheek, and making her every slightest mo-

tion tender and gentle. He feels that now

he is full in the sway of the whirlpool; on

and on he will be borne until he has told "Something very singular happened to me in Australia," Percival says, bending nearer to her; "something I am half afraid to

Here he stope

"Tell me about it," she whispers, oh, so low, so deliciously! She meant: Anything you say will be sweet to hear-especially what you are going to say. "It was semething so strange, so unforeseen One of those things which happen we cannot tell how, leading to we cannot tell what," He stopped again. Again she murmured

one of those sentences which women never speak but to one ear only, unbaring their "Tell me about it." "While I was in Australia I fell in love with a girl, who is the queen of my heart, and shall be till I die."

Her posture never changed, not by the movement of a finger; and I do not think the sharpest watcher would have seen a quiver of her eyelid or a tremor of her lip. But the life went from her face and eyes, and the fear that is joy vanished, leaving behind the fear that is fear indeed.

"Are the girls-the girls-in Australiavery pretty?" she inquired, in a death-like

The next moment she would be in his arms; the next moment his kiss would have dropped in a burning seal on her lips; the next moment she would have been his, declared so by signs which even her modesty could not have hidden. Alas, how short is the space allotted to whispering, blushing love in this rough world! Just then the dining room door opened, and in rushed little Mr. Brent, roaring with laughter, stamping on the floor, choking, rubbing his hands. beautiful woman becoming in a more ex- And Mrs. Barbara Temple followed laugh-

'And then," cried the parson between rapturous bursts, "then, without another word, down sat the dean, looking so important, so dignified, so reproving-just like an angry turkey cock, I assure you, Mrs. Temple. Down he sat on his new hat-crash! it was stove in-his new hat! And up he jumps again, and exclaims: 'Bless me, my

Rosy with his boisterous mirth, he went up and down, not knowing what he had done. though quick-cyed Mrs. Temple suspected, and would have withdrawn. Percival looked inexpressibly discomfited. Who should nake the next move! It was Sophia. "Good to have a merry heart, Mr. Brent!"

she said, smiling at him in a way which showed-he told his son as they went homethat she at least enjoyed the story. And she darted from the room. But Percival could not see her face before she was gone. Fixed he stood, poor baffled young fellow; the arms dropped at his side which were to have been wound about the girl he loved; his face a blank, his heart full of vexation. Meanwhile the little rector fell into a chair. and sent up peal after peal of most obstrep-

erous mirth. "The dean was new, and the hat was new. When he sat down we heard the crash. When he got up no one living could have told which looked more dismal, his face or his hat. Bless me, my hat! I hear him saying it now, Mrs. Temple. The finest sight I ever saw. Percival, Percival, why don't you

Lactic Acid as a Mischief-Maker. It is very certain that an acid-lactic, the same that is found in sour milk-is the great mischief-maker in rheumatism. This acid is always formed when muscles are exercised, and is decomposed and sent out of the body by way of the lungs and skin. A chilling of the body seems to prevent this getting rid of a poisonous substance, and the various inflammatory troubles are set up by it. After they have once begun it appears that they may continue for some time, in spite of the acid being properly disposed of afterward. This acid has been given as a medicine in some other affections, and a number of cases are recorded in which rheumatic joint troubles have followed with certainty as soon as a certain (not very large) quantity had been given.—Cor. Globe-Democrat.

Prevailing Fault of Fancy Soaps. The prevailing fault of a large propertion of toilet and fancy soaps is that they contain such quantities of "free alkali" as to render them decidedly injurious to ket. the tender and sensitive skins when habitually used. Although the general public has not yet been thoroughly "educated up" to the point of appreciating the magnitude of this evil, yet most persons whose skins are extremely sensitive find by experience, in winter, or during the prevalence of easterly winds, that frequent washing with soap and water is impossible without producing much personal discomfort, unless they use selected kinds of soap to which experience has guided them. Many such persons discard soap altogether in favor of materials like oatmeal and powders which do not contain alkaline matters. - Demorest's Month

Preserved Human ads. Among the interesting objects in the national museum are the Peruvian preserved human heads, being two human heads, the bones extracted and prepared by the Indians of the valley of the Anazon river. These heads are rare ethnological objects, of which very few have been brought to Europe and America. They are held by their owners in much veneration, as trophies of victories, the heads of enemies being thus prepared for permanent preservation. The manner of scalping and contract-

ing the skin so as to make the compressed head is as follows: The skin is cut around the neck as low down as possible, it is then loosened and slipped off over the head, all the flesh being removed. The scalp is then put to soak for ten or twelve hours in an infusion of herbs. Small pebbles are then heated and put into the scalp, which is shaken so that the pebbles touch every part. When the pebbles have cooled the scalp is dipped again into the infusion and allowed to remain until soft, the operation being repeated until the head has sufficiently contracted. The results is a well-formed and quite symmetrical head, about four inches in diameter, all parts contracted in equal proportion, and with long, flowing black hair; a braid of strings is passed through the lips, and there several other artificial appendages.-Washington Cor. Kansas

THE "BROADSIDE" OF EARLY DAYS.

How the Public Were Enlightened Before Newspapers Were Published. Newspapers, as the word is now understood, are the growth of the nineteenth century, one of the most astonishing and rapid growths of a remarkable age. In their absence, the periwigged, broad-skirted gentry of an early age were informed of the intentions of their government, and even of the current events of the day, by means of broadsides, sheets of paper printed only on one side and either displayed in public places, distributed gratis, or hawked about the streets, according to the character of

their contents. The collection of the broadsides in the public library is not as large as that owned by private libraries of an earlier foundation, but under glass cases and carefully stored portfolios there are a number of valuable documents of this description that were published in this country in the days of Salem witches and rebel tea parties.

Among the earliest documents of this description in the possession of the publie library is a proclamation headed by the traditional lion and unicorn and signed by William Stoughton, then "governor" of the province of Massachusetts bay, on May 27, 1696. It cites the law granting 50 pounds sterling blood-money for every adult male Indian prisoner, and 25 pounds sterling for every woman and child; speaks of the bounty on scalps, and offers to all volunteers provision, surgical attendance, ammunition and wages from the public treasury. These gentle traits of our puritan ancestors have become wonderfully obscured by the smoke of the Deerfield massacre. If the Indians exhibit the ferocity of wild beasts they were certainly hunted

Broadsides such as were common in England, published from time to time with a relation of current events, were exceedingly rare in the early days of the colony. There was one reprint of a London broadside published in Boston in 1689, another in 1690, and a third in 1697. One of the last issued is now owned by the city of Boston. It is but a single leaf, somewhat smaller than a page from a quarto dictionary, and contains the latest rumors from Holland, of a great Turkish defeat by Prince Eugene, the coronation of the king of Poland, and the reception of ambasadors at The Hague with the negotiations on foot there preliminary to the peace of Rys-

stamp acts, by ten years the precurser of that which a century ago aroused the ire of good Bostonians even more than exorbitant tax rates, flooded streets and venality in public office does to-day. The broadside was headed by the royal arms and bore duly affixed to the margin impressions of the stamps whose use it enforced. These stamps were not detachable like our own, but were impressed by a government official like a postmark. Not only the stamp but the vellum and paper with the stamp affixed were sold by the commissioner of the stamps; and no instruments or writings specified in the act were legal without it. The act covered nearly every paper that could be used in business or the administration of the government from an insurance policy to a newspaper. The stamp tax on newspapers, by the way, was a halfpenny, the stamp representing a bird encircled with a band on which are the words: "Half-penny." The 2-penny stamp represented a codfish within the legend, "Staple of the Massachusetts." The 3-penny stamp bore a pine tree with the motto: "Province of Massachusetts." Finally, the 4-penny stamp, which was to be affixed to insurance policies, bills of lading and certain other commercial papers, bore a schooner under full sail within the words: "Steady-steady."

This valuable old document in American history was printed by the publishers of The Boston News-Letter, and bears the date of March 14, 1755. It is siged by Governor Shirley and countersigned by J. Willard, secretary. This is, as far as known, absolutely unique in leaving impressions of the stamps, and reveals the fact that the general court of Massachusett shad passed and the governor enforced a stamp act ten years prior to to the act sanctioned by the imperial parliament in 1765. The immediate cause for this document was Shirley's proposed military operation in the French and Indian war. -Boston Bulletin.

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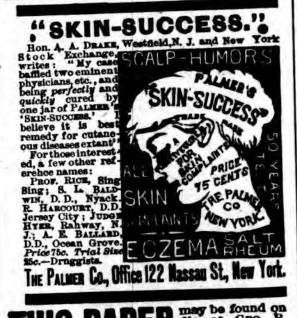
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